

A million for turnpikes, but not a cent for graft.

In these modern days the "raging of the dog star" is not taken seriously.

Castro is defiant. So was the bull that tried to throw the locomotive off the track.

"Some men ought never to have been born," says the Philadelphia Inquirer. How true!

Indiana steer ate dynamite; enraged owner threw a brick at him. Much noise. Result, a bum steer.

The human body is 75 per cent water, says a scientist, the other 25 per cent being spirit, we presume.

Berlin must be getting so used to seeing airships that before long the Berliners will decline to strain their necks.

A New Jersey man won't pay his bills because his wife is out of work. Some charity organization should look up this pitiful case.

Now it is a revolution which is on the Persian carpet. The movement has just jumped, apparently permanently, upon the Turkish rug.

Kermitt is sure to bring back some remarkable photographs from Africa. If only he doesn't get so excited that he forgets to snap the shutter.

High winds during the summer have blown enormous numbers of crabs out of the Chesapeake bay into the ocean. Fortunately the oysters are naturally anchored.

Don't misunderstand the announcement that Mr. Edward W. Deming is going to paint the Ojibways in northern Canada. What Mr. Deming really is going to paint is canvas.

Some friend of Castro's should call him up by long-distance telephone and let him know that in this mixup with Queen Wilhelmina the sympathies of all the bystanders are with the royal lady.

By chasing and holding in a team of runaway blooded horses and saving three lives Kermitt Roosevelt is qualifying for shooting lions in Africa. It is strenuous training after his father's own heart.

A West Virginia magistrate prides himself on the fact that he is the only justice of the peace in the state to hold court in his bare feet. In most other places it is the head which counts in the position.

A sober, elderly person certifies in the New York Sun that she has seen old mosquitoes helping or pushing the young ones through the window screens. Could there be a more touching illustration of parental interest?

The retirement of Capt. Watt, commander of the Lusitania and commodore of the Cunard fleet, having reached the age limit, comes opportunely. His ship is at the head of the ocean greyhound class. That's glory enough.

Not one of the 50,000 depositors in 13 banks and trust companies which closed their doors in the panic last fall will lose a dollar. Banking institutions in the United States are evidently conducted on pretty sound business principles.

The chief of the secret service police of Sydney says that no better-behaved, manlier lot of fellows has ever come under his observation than the American sailors. The nation is proud of its jolly tars who are so well upholding its prestige.

The formation in Germany of a company, with a capital of more than \$6,250,000, to lay a cable between Germany and South America is, of course, not a violation of the Monroe doctrine, but it suggests that the United States ought to be making efforts to increase and facilitate its business with South America, too.

A Pennsylvania man's horse went lame. When he started to investigate the trouble he found a stickpin with a diamond worth \$150 in the animal's hoof, which had caused the trouble. As the horse showed signs of distress in another foot, that was examined and a five-dollar gold piece extracted. Paradoxically, to pick up gold with one foot and diamonds with the other is anything but a lame performance.

Forest fires are among the regular annual sufferings of the eastern states. The dry weather this year has made the loss unusually heavy in New England, New York and other states. Not only valuable timber, but farm houses, planted fields and precious forest loam have been destroyed. Scientific forestry and wise legislation are necessary to protect our trees against the combined armies of flames, bugs and unintelligent lumbermen.

The decent element of South Dakota seems to be making a struggle to rid the state of its divorce odium. But while the easy ways of losing the marriage bond brings a revenue into the state, the matter will be hard to fight. Temptation should be removed from states to make money in this way by a uniform federal divorce law. Until that is done the evil is not likely to be corrected, as one state has always the power to abrogate the laws of another, and people cannot be prevented from living where and for what purpose they please.

## Fragments of an Interrupted Courtship

BY ANNIE T. ROTTER

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The ragged pines of old Virginia had hardly settled themselves firmly in the soil of the confederacy to which the secession of the old fogey state had transplanted them, when, in the shadows of an antiquated library, a young apostle of the new doctrine wrote:

Confederate States of America, Richmond, Va., Apr. 25, 1861. Dr. Schuyler Vanstittart.

My Dear Sir: You will observe that (without, believe me, a tremor or the straining of a single heart tendon) I have changed my nationality and my country. Instead of the "stars and stripes," the "stars and bars" float to the breeze (excuse extreme originality of expression), and our brand new ship of state darts, alone, the storms of war. You and I may never meet again—nothing would induce me to marry a horrid Yankee—so try to forget me, as the very remembrance of you is ignored. With three cheers for Dixie.

Yours in oblivion, ELIZABETH PONSONBY.

War opened, hostile armies confronted each other between Richmond and the Potomac; Mason and Dixon's line was accentuated by fixed bayonets and enforced by the booming cannon; sword thrusts gave point to geographical boundaries, while the long roll of the drum warned off all intruders.

Letters flew north from the blue uniforms on the Potomac, and traveled south from the gay coats at Manassas, but never crossed, save by flag or truce, the sharp wall made by picketed muskets. Terrible orders from irascible old generals, who had outgrown romance and outlived sentiment, sternly directed all letters to be read before passing under the white folds of these same peaceful banners. So every word was weighed, and dictionaries became the popular literature of the day to those that wrote to "the other side," in order that a phrase might be found capable of expressing everything to some particular person, but betraying nothing to the flag-of-truce-letter-reading department. No one must suspect that the loving inquiries about Aunt Jane's neuralgia, or the intense anxiety concerning Uncle John's rheumatism meant an altogether different query to those that wrote so guardedly. So personals in the leading newspapers, north and south, were resorted to, and many a line held a bleeding heart, while a single word often carried joy to an entire household, or that most awful of all personals, initials and a code, followed by the one word "killed," embodied too frequently the history of a broken life. But no such tragic announcements were for Elizabeth. A calm, dignified, eminently proper person in the H—

SCHUYLER hopes little sister's fever is abating. Grandpa sends love. Richmond E— please copy.

was all. Back by rapid transit traveled the answer the could almost see the nervous fingers fly over the paper.

ELIZABETH no better. Grandpa never liked blue. H— please copy.

One dismal morning Mrs. Ponsonby was sewing diligently on a soldier's haversack, one of an immense pile, in

such haste to finish her task that she wasted no time in fastening stitches or in strengthening straps. Thus, without the eye of the prophet, one might see, in future weary marches, many a poor fellow's scanty rations dipping through the gaps in this same haversack made by fingers more enthusiastic in effort than proficient in accomplishment, and hear, instead of the blessings the old lady expected to be poured on her industrious hands and self-sacrificing heart, the echo of an assortment of ejaculations, made possible only by confederate whisky, flung at the careless fingers of the maker.

"Mighty po'-lookin' sojer want to see you, Miss Clementine," said efficient though ungrammatical Judy, nodding her turbaned head to Mrs. Ponsonby through a diminutive opening in the door. "Say, he ain't homy, 'cause I dun as him dat fus' thing;

look monsus poly, do' fus' sojer I see in a mont o' moons whar ain't homy."

"On the nineteenth of May," said the limping wearer of a ragged gray coat, as he stood in Mrs. Ponsonby's presence, with the crown of a hat surrounded by a broken halo of brim in his hand, "our regiment held a position on the right of the Tenth Alabama, the attacking force. Behind an old house, set at just the right angle, as it seemed to us, to hide an ambush, a party of sharpshooters were carefully and all too accurately picking off our men. Suddenly an aim was unerringly taken—our flag trembled and fell—"

And so it went on, the familiar but ever moving tale of a flag-bearer killed, a soldier—the narrator of the story—springing to the rescue of his standard, himself to be laid senseless by a bullet. From this oblivion he had been awakened from a drenching cold waterbath to hear the verdict, "Poor fellow; leg badly shattered!" pronounced over him by a voice with a slight nasal twang. A voice, it chanced, that he was destined to hear daily during his tedious illness, for the man who had picked him up on the field was also the assistant in the hospital, and quite a friendship grew up between the young doctor and his patient, through their many conversations. So it was that on the day of the narrator's discharge, the surgeon, along with congratulations on the other's recovery and approaching exchange, gave a confidence and asked a favor, as he said, "while your ardor is yet at white heat."

"Three years ago," the doctor continued, "before this hateful war was ever dreamed of, and while I was a student in Philadelphia, I became acquainted with a young lady from Richmond. The circumstances were romantic—well, never mind them—it's a long story—tell you some other time, perhaps," he added, dubiously, "five years after a treaty of peace, as the confederate bills say."

"Well, without going through the various stages of the affair, from rapture to despair, and from despair back, through faint glimmerings of hope, to ecstasy again, the decision was finally reached that we were, well, after a fashion, engaged; quite, I assure you, on the order of poor Harry and the well-nigh forgotten Flora of Madison Square park. Just then, with abundant inopportunities, I felt, Mr. Lincoln asked Virginia (mind you, when the day was, after many delays, actually fixed) for her quota of troops. Poor old Virginia had, with her usual deliberateness, been slow to move, but this call moved her—out of the union—leaving me, as Miss Elizabeth thought, on the wrong side.

"One day, it must have been by the last through mail, I received a most astounding letter from the young lady herself; terrific headlines, shocking sentiments, 'Southern confederacy,' and all the rest of it. Quite a doubling up of fists all round, a regular 'one-southerner-can-whip-five-Yankees' epistle. She said 'ending everything.' I said 'Never,' with a capital N. Well, to come to the pith of the affair, we hear through personals of each other—awfully cut and dried way of writing love letters though, you know; so I ask you, as man to man, to get a letter to Elizabeth for me. Of course you can't carry a written communication. I don't care to treat the camp to a specimen of my ability as a military Romeo, so I am going to read the epistle which you, once safe in Richmond after your exchange, are to write out in my name and hand to her in person. Now will you do this, without altering jot or tittle, except to throw into it all the fervor you can convey on paper; and will you remember that under no circumstances are you to give this precious document into any hands save those of the terrible little rebel who wrote the wonderful letter of 1861; or, if impossible to see her, then into those of her mother."

To that question the letter that now passed from the hands of the "raggedy man" to the feminine fingers that dropped the unfinished haversack to receive it, was the silent and sufficient answer.

The smoke still lingered over the smoldering chimneys of Richmond when Judy, ignorant of the interstate episode in her mistress' love affairs, entered one morning to announce a visitor.

"Gemmen in de parlor, Miss 'Lizabeth, an' dar to goodness, you'll hev' to 'scuse me, but he mos' sholy do look powerful like one o' dem Yankees whar cum in wid de union."

And after the end at Appomattox, when the guns were stacked for all time by the tired hands of the starved men who wept as they laid them aside, Surgeon Vanstittart and Elizabeth—But what need to go over the old story? Patriotic fervor gave place to cosmopolitan love—was it ever otherwise? Cupid is blind, so gray and blue are alike to him. And ought we not to dwell together in "love and peace?"



## WITH SUMMER'S END

COME THOUGHTS OF AUTUMN HAT AND COAT.

Tailor-Made Garments in Substantial Colors to Replace Diaphanous Garments Worn During Warm Weather.

In the autumn there is always a tendency to turn toward styles which possess the quality known as "crisp" rather than to those which are pronouncedly gorgeous or picturesque. This is natural, because a contrast is instinctively desired to the fluttering, fluffily and frequently flamboyant summer clothes. One is weary of diaphanous fabrics, flopping hats, pale delicate



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## PROPER CARE OF THE PIANO.

Above All Things Never Stand It Close to the Wall.

The dusting and polishing of the piano, whether it be a new and valuable baby grand or the humble and more cozy upright, should never be left to the maid, but should be done by the daughter of the house herself. It should be done with a fine cheese cloth or linen cloth, or better still, with an old silk handkerchief. There should be neither seam nor hem in the dust cloth, as any inequality or hardness is apt to scratch the piano varnish.

Cloudy spots are best removed by pouring a few drops of benzine on the dust cloth, and then rubbing very lightly and in the same direction till they disappear. The carved legs should be dusted with a soft brush, as should also the rack and other ornamental trimmings.

To restore the whiteness of the keys wash lightly and most carefully, so no moisture gets into the instrument or between the keys, with a teaspoonful of hydro super oxide dissolved in a pint of water.

The piano should never stand close against a wall; if practicable even the upright should stand fully out in the room. The direct rays of the sun upon it, dampness and draughts all should be carefully avoided. The piano should be entirely opened once a month and examined for moths, which are apt to establish themselves inside the feeling and so ruin the instrument.



Eating greens and salads thins your blood and makes you less red-faced.

Menthol cologne is one of the best simple applications for a headache. The combination of burning sensation and coolness that it gives the skin is very refreshing.

In order to have the hair smell sweet wear tiny scented rolls in the puffs or pompadour, or either spray the hair, then wear a little scented cap for a few moments.

Pineapple juice is good for cleaning stains out of the hands. It should be well rubbed in, left for a few minutes and then thoroughly washed with plenty of soap and warm water.

A very good way to clean hands when they are very dirty is to rub a little lard well over them, then wash with soap and water. If this is done in cold weather the hands will not be so likely to crack.

tints of color, laces and ruffles and ribbons and flowers, and now turns with relief to trig tailor-made garments of substantial colors and reserved designs, whose principal characteristic is their extreme "smartness," and to hats of decided outline and somewhat stiff trimming an absolute change from the soft indeterminate headgear of the summer.

Nor is the woman wise who refuses to accommodate herself to this decree for garments which carry out the spirit of the autumn. She may have an ample supply of clothes to last over into the winter, and these clothes may be most becoming and fascinating, and quite suitable, with the addition of wraps for autumn wear, so far as actual comfort goes. But she who persists in appearing in midsummer clothes when midsummer is past will find that she looks strangely unattractive and forlorn, like the late blooming midsummer rose whose companions all appeared at the proper time and have now given way to the charming red rosehips which carry out the spirit of the season.

In the illustration will be seen a most attractive autumn suggestion in the braided jacket, with its severe, almost military, lines, and the hat of dignified shape and fairly heavy trimming. Warm shades of tan and brown are mingled in this costume, the jacket being a yellowish tan with brown braid trimmings, and the hat a felt of the lighter shade trimmed with dark brown plumes.

## Use for Crochet Cotton.

Cloths with an edging of Irish crochet are among the smartest novelties for the tea table. The crochet cotton which comes on spools is by far the best material to use. Speaking of this cotton, some needlewomen do not know that this is better for feather stitching lingerie, or whatever dainty or sheer material it may be made.

## To Make Stockings Durable.

When knitting stockings or socks, it will be found that they will last twice as long if a strand of silk or thread be knitted into the toes and heels together with the wool.

## OVER-BODICE OF LINEN.

Simple Pattern of Garment Designed to Match the Skirt.

This over-bodice is, of course, of linen to match the skirt; it is a decidedly simple pattern, being tucked on the shoulders nearly to bust. The neck is cut out in a square that is outlined with muslin embroidery.



and a strap of embroidery is carried to the waist in center front, the armholes being finished with the same. The blouse worn with it is of white lawn.

Materials required for over-bodice: One yard linen, 44 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards insertion.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horseradish, prepared the same as for table use, to the temple when the head or face is affected, and to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

To loosen the scalp, massage it thoroughly each night. Rub the finger tips in a rotary motion toward the crown of the head, work the scalp up and down and then give a light upward stroke at the base of the skull.

## Velveteen for Children.

There is quite a quaint little coat suit appearing for young girls who have never been allowed to wear a coat and skirt with a blouse.

This might be better described as a little blouse suit, with a coat of the same material, as a separate waist is not allowable on any youngster.

Velveteen is the material. It is black, Nelson blue, dull green and raspberry red. In the latter it is particularly attractive, but the fair golden-haired child looks quite distinctive in one of the black suits.

## Embossed Satin Vests.

If you want to prepare a stunning accessory for your next winter's coat suit, pick up a bit of bright green or rose pink or bright blue embossed satin. Make a waistcoat of it in skello-ton shape, using china silk or white muslin for the back and under-arms pieces. Cut it very long and fasten single breasted with gilt buttons.

## TESTING PAINT.

Property owners should know how to prove the purity and quality of white lead, the most important paint ingredient, before paying for it. To all who write, National Lead Co., the largest manufacturers of pure white lead, send a free outfit with which to make a simple and sure test of white lead, and also a free book about paint. Their address is Woodbridge Bldg., New York City.

## The Scramble for Wealth.

If there is a sad thing in the world, it is the spectacle of the men and women who, in their mad scramble for wealth, have crushed out of their lives sentiment and the love of all that is beautiful and sublime. The very process by which they seek to win the means of enjoyment kills the faculties by which they can enjoy. When the average man wins his wealth he finds himself without the power of enjoyment, for the enjoying side of his nature is dead. He finds to his sorrow that the straining, striving life is also a starving one.

## AWFUL GRAVEL ATTACKS.

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.

F. A. Rippey, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passages of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean. Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Muggins—"When your wife sings I suppose you forget all your troubles."

Buggins—"Um—all my other troubles."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM. Take the Old Standard GROVES' TASTEFUL CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form, and the most effective form. For grown people and children, 50c.

The doing of evil to avoid another evil cannot be good.—Coleridge.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Consciousness of ignorance is no small part of knowledge.—Jerome.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

If you don't get the best of it, make the best of it.

## MY OWN FAMILY USE PE-RU-NA.



HON. GEORGE W. HONE

Hon. George W. Hone, National Chaplain U. S. A., ex-Chaplain Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, ex-Treasurer State of Wisconsin, and ex-Quartermaster General State of Texas G. A. H., writes from 1709 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C., as follows:

"I cannot too highly recommend your preparation for the relief of catarrhal troubles in their various forms. Some members of my own family have used it with most gratifying results. When other remedies failed, Peruna proved most efficacious and I cheerfully certify to its curative excellence."

Mr. Fred L. Hebard, for nine years a leading photographer of Kansas City, Mo., located at the northeast corner of 12th and Grand Aves., cheerfully gives the following testimony: "It is a proven fact that Peruna will cure catarrh and a gripe, and as a tonic it has no equal. Druggists have tried to make me take something else 'just as good,' but Peruna is good enough for me."

## Peruna in Tablet Form.

For two years Dr. Hartman and his assistants have incessantly labored to create Peruna in tablet form, and their strenuous labors have just been crowned with success. People who object to liquid medicines can now secure Peruna tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna.

## Broom Corn Shippers

or Broom Corn Associations Correspond with us. We want Broom Corn.

COYNE BROTHERS 160 South Water Street, CHICAGO Quick Answer.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water